

DJ Kay Slay f/ Jim Jones, Lloyd Banks, Papoose, Rell, Tony Yayo

"Men of Respect"

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[Intro: Tony Yayo] Men Of Respect, See us comin through you better respect us (BROOKLYN!!!!) Papoose, Jimmy (HARLEM!!!!) Banks what's good?! (QUEENS!!!!) It's Yayo nigga!!!! Yeah! YEAH!!!! [Verse One: Tony Yayo] I got every pair of Jordans, every kind of bitch Ridin foreign cars my life is the shit (COME ON!!!!) My Louis bookbag, is full of them stacks Homey I'm in Spain I ain't thinkin about hats I say Cassius Clay, you say butter, I say Parkay, I drink Rose' I had swag since the third grade Havin sex on the beach with a mermaid, draped in that Herme In that spur, pullin on that purple Cause I like her, and I like her too No time to talk bitch get in My first time in the booth, I knew I would win The first time in the pen it was different than the streets yo I seen niggas make movies out of C.O's Fuck my P.O. he got a attitude But I'm a man of respect what he 'gon do? [Chorus: Rell] For everytime I hear a bitch nigga talk it just makes me wanna get more money (More money) And everytime I bag a new fly ass broad that just makes me wanna get more money (More money) And everytime the streets say that I'm that boy it just makes me wanna get more money (More money) I got the tools that keep you niggas in check to me I'm not a fool I'm a man of respect (YEAHHHHH!!!!) [Verse Two: Papoose] We some men of respect, you a bitch in a dress I got these niggas so scared that they swimmin in sweat And they don't send us a check, he gettin hit in his chest My daughter needs her hair done I gotta get some barretts Put the grip on the sket, and graze the skin off his neck I keep a 40 like Queens but I don't live in the 'jects You ever send us a threat? That you don't live to regret You better come with your towels even gorillas get wet Ladies lift up your breast, you bang lift up your set My gun got a bad bladder take a piss on your vest THUG-A THUG-A, THUG-A, THUG-A my click is the best Your bars stink, that's why you got shit on your breath Niggas clapped tryin to slap me five I put 'em on wheelchairs, like Drake on the grass seat high They say I don't smile, that's cause I don't play fair bro I stay Sirius like satellite radio [Chorus: Rell] For everytime I hear a bitch nigga

talk it just makes me wanna get more money (More money) And everytime I bag a new fly ass broad that just makes me wanna get more money (More money) And everytime the streets say that I'm that boy it just makes me wanna get more money (More money) I got the tools that keep you niggas in check to me I'm not a fool I'm a man of respect (YEAHHHHH!!!!!!) [Verse Three: Lloyd Banks] I'm a South Jamaica Queens nigga (YEAH!) Boy play me make a scene nigga countin paper clean nigga Bouncin on that beam nigga, and not that star type Where I go, moms go, make it rain at the stop light My Coupe makes the cops tight, my auror make the shorties get her wop right Catch a orphan catch my portal rock flight Block life, kingpin, respect the center block ice God it must be somethin good, could be seven hot dice Locally connected, vocally respected International record I'll be leavin any second Check it, let me stretch it 'fore your funds exit My Method, got your Man Louis V vested Excellent, my weed man got me somewhere in the clouds Havin daydreams let me sleep in all a hundred pounds For any burglary sounds we got a hundred rounds AK's when I'm down to the ground and put 'em down [Chorus: Rell] For everytime I hear a bitch nigga talk it just makes me wanna get more money (More money) And everytime I bag a new fly ass broad that just makes me wanna get more money (More money) And everytime the streets say that I'm that boy it just makes me wanna get more money (More money) I got the tools that keep you niggas in check to me I'm not a fool I'm a man of respect (YEAHHHHH!!!!!!) [Verse Four: Jim Jones] Now BK stand up (BED-STUY!!!!!!!!!!) I'm in Bed-Stuy big cape rubberband up Goons don't play (NO) That'll get ya jammed up Gotta watch the jakes, that'll get ya canned up You know how we play, hundred grand a truck (FLOSSIN!!!!) Them dice games, two grand and up The life man, the lights and the cameras Brought the Maserati, right in front of Marcy (YEP!!!!) To talkin with the homeys when I'm out at Marcus Garvey (MELON) And pardon me y'all, I meant chalkin bodies (GOONIES!!!!) Shout to Lil' Kim do your bid like Frank White Then come home and do it BIG like Frank White (BALL ON 'EM!!!!) We buy cars just to race 'em like the Indy's (SPEEDIN!!!!) And fly to spare a buck eighty for the bentley (WOW!!!!) A rockstar like the Red Hot Chili Pep's They follow my car cause the feds still be a threat (THEY TAKIN PICTURES!!!!) Yeah I keep bread with a chilly net Give me mad 'round this bitch they knowin we the realest set (BYRD GANG!!!!) Yeah we 'gon spoil New York Cause the DipSet gangsta when we ball in New York, MOTHERFUCKERS!!!! [Chorus: Rell] For

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